



## OUR WOMAN'S PAGE.

SOME OF THE SIGN-POSTS OF FASHION POINTED OUT.

## WHAT ARE FADS COMING TO?

Rat-Tail Trains and Hip Pads—The styles in Parasols—New Ear Florets—Two Charming Frocks—Various Notes.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, July 16.—Just at this time of the year, when the fashions have become for a brief moment settled, it is borne in upon the observer that certain fads are likely to become gross exaggerations. There are details which, accentuated, are likely to become as the big balloon sleeves and the huge bustles were in their time.

The waist is being tightened very considerably, and as it has not a broad belt to keep it in trim proportion, the old pudding-bag look shows signs of returning. The tight skirt encourages the need of the hip-pad and bustle, for the form must be very rounded to suit Dame Fashion, and already French modists are sewing pads in the skirts of gowns they send out to bring about this effect. The bow underneath the chin becomes larger and larger; soon the end will be brought to the back, and a fashion that has been very much worn will become again the vogue—I mean the stock with a bunch of protuberances at the back of the neck.

Hats are almost all turned up in front, and seem to incline forward a halo in shape. Great flat ostrich feathers are swathed upon them, and the spray, which still reigns, describes a pair of wings. That rather meaningless but decidedly striking black bow which is seen in front of the turned-up brim of the new hat finds itself dotted promiscuously almost everywhere, on the arliest of light-colored, upon lace skirts, even upon one tightly-fitting sleeve. It is a signpost of fashion whose duty it seems to be to point to a particularly daring feature. As for the length of skirts, they are inclined towards the train, and I may call it the "rat-tail train," for it wags at the back just as those of over twenty years ago did. May we escape becoming dust catchers in the near future, though it looks very much as if we must, for even with street dresses the train are ubiquitous. A grotesque pouch is seen on parasol-handles, though this is not very new; a grinning Turk's head, a parrot, a little red jay, anything, indeed, that is extraordinary is carried out in enamel, and quite inappropriately finishes the faintest parasol of chiffon or silk, and these inserted with lace, not a very suitable material for a parasol, but what do people mind when there is only a little sun to be avoided?

The hip-pad, by the way, is a desperately troublesome affair to trust to, and

is most decidedly not to be recommended. Nothing is uglier than to be able to observe that the pad is a pad. We must endeavor to avoid it, that is all.

But to return to parasols. There are some silk and gauze ones that are not only pierced with appliques of black lace, but are most exquisitely painted with wreaths of flowers or groups of fat Cupids, or most lovely indeed, on one sky-blue dome was a long flight of white-breasted, black-coated swallows. They were painted large about the bottom of the new dome, growing smaller and smaller until they were only specks up near the ferrule. Here and there white clouds were painted in, and the whole spread of silk was mounted on a long malacca stick. Much emphasis is, of course, laid upon the stick, and in a batch of expensive parasols such novelties have been noted as a gold enamelled handle having a tiny watch surrounded by brilliant set in the very end. Another gold and crystal handle for three inches up is hollow, and touching a spring, off flies the gold cap, and the empty space is filled with smelling salts.

Still a third has a slit in its ivory shaft, into which slips a small gold-rimmed lorgnon, fastened to the handle's end by a golden hinge. The price of these is commensurate with their beautiful material and exceeding novelty, but far more stable and almost as attractive are modestly priced ones of taffeta.

Some of these, by the way, sturdy fellows, with carved wood handles, are so arranged that at any time the cover, if it be of washing silk or gingham, can be removed, washed, and neatly replaced.

The sticks are all highly colored and quite realistic. They take the form of cocks' heads, a laughing jester, a truelover's knot in white enamel and straw, and, in fact, appeal to every kind of fancy.

## THE NEW EAR FLORETS.

The fashion for wearing earrings has for some time past been slowly but surely reasserting itself. Of late a really new development of this branch of the jeweller's art has been introduced in the form of the small, gracefully designed "ear-florets." The idea is distinctly novel, and is based upon the assumption that, to be worn to the best advantage, a jewel should be mounted and arranged so that the ornament accentuates the curves and lines of the lobe of the ear, fitting to it, as it were, without any assertive method of fastening being visible.

As yet only a few designs in this novel piece of jewelry have made their appearance, these consisting of delicately wrought scroll work, either in plain gold or mounted with pearls or diamonds. The floret attachment can be adapted for pendant drops of any size, or forms a complete ornament if worn alone; it is easy to adjust, and some of the patterns are arranged for wearers whose ears have not been pierced, while others are finished with a fine hook; but in all cases the fastening is invisible and the form is so arranged as to fit almost any ear, although special mounts can be made to order if required. The idea is capable of varied developments, and lends itself equally well to the plainest or the most elaborate ornament for day or evening wear.

The most difficult gowns in the world to make are those for the wear of the debutante, since in this connection it is so easy to jumble or overdo matters, when in either case modistic disaster results.

Nowadays, perhaps, the tendency is all towards overdoing, and this is a pity, for can there be a more laughable and at the same time pathetic sight than that of a young girl, "rising" is or at the outside, decked out in finery suitable for a woman of twice her years? With what an ill grace the heavy brocade or the still heavier satin sits upon the slender young limbs, which seem to call for muslins and the lighter makes of silks, etc. Most of us are hard enough upon the woman who, long past the meridian, of 30 still clings to the garb of her girlhood, and has a penchant for letting her hair down on every available opportunity, and for broad swathes of babyish blue; but I think we ought to be still harder upon the mother who robs her young daughter of that one loveliest prerogative of youth—the right to dress with simplicity. How infinitely better they do these things in France was brought home to me forcibly the other day when I was gratified with the sight of some half dozen models prepared for two of this season's best known debutantes, am not sure that space will permit a detailed description of all the gowns; but still I feel I cannot do better than represent to you pen pictures of the three or four most notable among them.

Model No. 1 was a dinner frock pure and simple, but so chic in every detail that it might well do duty at an informal dance. The material was Japanese silk, and, by the way, it is worthy of note that Japanese silk is being used to a great extent by all the leading modistes, both here and in Paris, for fashioning young girl's dresses. In color the gown was gray—a soft shade, known, I believe, as "dove's-breast"—and, apropos of the exceeding popularity of gray at the present moment I noticed that no less than three out of those six gowns were in varying shades of that Quakerlike hue. Nor, taking into consideration the fact that both the intended wearers are brunettes, should this be cavilled at. There is no more lovely or becoming color for those whose tresses are darker than gray of one tone or another, always providing their owner is slender. Gray should be avoided by all who have a tendency, even a slight one, to embonpoint.

However, to go back to the gown in question: This skirt, which was of the latest shape, had a piped flounce reaching almost to the knees, set in under a band of steel and amber embroidery. The lining was of yellow glass silk, ornamented on the inner side by a dozen little frills of its own material, each of indescribable "fussiness." The bodice, which was puffed, boasted a full vest of silver gray d'esprit net work all over in a design of butterflies, in amber and steel. At the back a square collar of tucked gray d'esprit net over the Japanese silk was embroidered at either corner with another big butterfly, also in amber and steel. Sleeves there were none, two frills of the silk and net, accordion-pleated, taking their place. In the centre of the bodice in front was pinned a huge bunch of lilacs of the valley, with the most natural looking leaves I ever saw. The waist was encircled by a band of the amber and steel passementerie, finished at the back by two long sash-like ends of accordion-pleated net drawn through a big amber buckle. In the hair a bow of gray tulle and a yellow osprey were to be kept in place by another buckle of similar, but much smaller, make. Frock No. 2 was a ball gown, also of

tulle, and also gray in hue, adorned around the hem with a ruching of tiny yellow rosebuds, yellow and gray being the favorite combination of the fortunate damsel for whom the dress was intended. The bodice, which was of tulle over gray satin merveilleux—the latter material also served as foundation for the skirt—was cut en coeur, and had shoulder straps of the roses in place of sleeves. For a wonder this special corsage was not puffed, the tulle being cunningly draped across the bust in very full and yet light looking folds, and then covered with the tiny yellow roses applied lattice wise, the back of the body being left severely plain, with the exception of the ruche of roses outlining the décolletage. There was no sash, in the ordinary sense of the term, a belt of very fine paste, to which, at the back, were attached two long ends of broad satin ribbon entirely covered with the tiny roses, doing duty for the same. This effect was charming and quite a new sensation in the way of sashes, of the plain, Roman, and accordion-pleated varieties, of which, I doubtless in common with many others, am beginning to get more than a little tired, for veritably one encounters them on every gown one meets, whether for street, reception, or evening wear. Such a lovely cloak was destined to accompany this particular gown that I feel I cannot do better than describe it, although this article was primarily devoted to frocks and nothing else.

The garment in question was of liberty satin in an exquisite shade of robin's-egg blue, one of the few colors which are equally becoming to blonde or brunette. It was circular in shape, set in at the neck with huge gathers, and falling from thence in heavy and most becoming folds. The lining throughout being of oyster-white, I found, was not for ornament only but could be put to practical use if need be. There was a most fascinating ruffle of chiffon in the two shades of the cloak and lining, and down the front and round the hood ran applications of embroidery in that shade of sequins best known as "beetle's-wing." A big bow on the chiffon, with long ends edged with the passementerie, and clasped with an antique slide, finished off the neck.

## Lexington Personals.

LEXINGTON, VA., July 16.—(Special.) Captain John Carmichael arrived here during the past week from Nicaragua, to visit his family, where he has been at work as an engineer on the Nicaragua

canal. He was recently appointed in the Quartermaster's Department of the United States army, and ordered to report home. His rank is a captain, and he will leave here Monday for Cuba, to report for duty.

Professor and Mrs. Brown Ayres, of New Orleans, and Miss Kate Heiskell, are visiting Mrs. John R. Anderson.

Professor W. S. Currell, of Washington and Lee University, is at Mount Eagle, Tenn., delivering a course of lectures before the Chautauqua now being held there.

Mrs. William C. Preston, of Richmond, is in Lexington, the guest of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Thomas L. Preston, and will spend the summer here.

Miss Rose Howard, of Ashland, Va., is the guest of Mrs. Maria W. Pratt. Misses Mary and Bettie Wilson, the charming daughters of President William L. Wilson, of Washington and Lee University, are visiting friends in Jefferson county, W. Va.

Mrs. Martha Miller and Miss Miller, of Washington, D. C., are the guests of Professor and Mrs. Harry D. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Coe and family are visiting Mrs. W. P. Coe, of Garrardstown, W. Va.

Mrs. Helm Bruce and her children, of Louisville, Ky., are visiting Mrs. Bruce's mother, Mrs. James White.

Professor D. C. Lyle, of McDonough, Md., spent several days here during the past week, the guest of his friends.

Mrs. William T. Shields is at the Alleghany Springs, and will remain there several weeks.

Mr. R. Harrison Waddell, of Louisville, Ky., is the guest of relatives here.

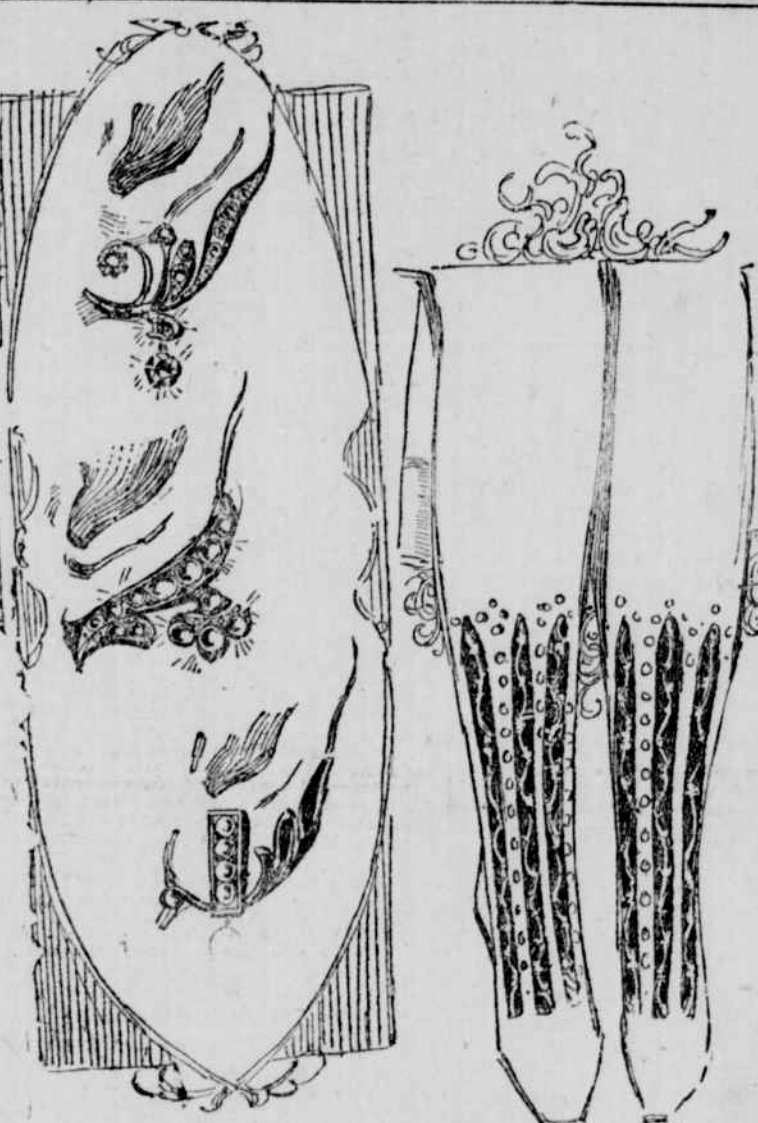
Mrs. Mary W. Houston has returned from Fredericksburg, and is the guest of Mrs. Thomas L. Preston.

## Rev. Mr. Moore to Preach.

Rev. A. R. Moore, of Memphis, Tenn., will preach at Seventh-Street Christian Church to-day, both morning and evening. At the evening service he will give an account of the recent Christian Endeavor Convention at Nashville, Tenn., and all Endeavorers are cordially invited to be present.

## In Camp at Ocean View.

Among the numerous camps along the beach at Ocean View is one occupied by a party of Richmond boys. They are keeping "open house," and have entertained a number of visitors from this city. The party is composed of Messrs. E. G. Hickman, C. Andrews, W. Andrews, B. Hicks, C. Whittaker, and S. Andrews.



THE NEW EAR FLORETS.

Dainty silken hose, the front formed of insertions of lace set in stripes.

## The Latest Driving Coat.



This swell new coat is constructed on the lines of a gentleman's race coat, the sleeves cut up into the shoulders, the seams lapped, and deep pockets. It is large and loose to wear over another jacket.

## Lynching is Its Law and Justice.

(Norfolk Virginian and Pilot.)

Should a rattlesnake, or a mad-dog be tried before killing? Should a murderer, incendiary, or highwayman, caught in the act, be allowed to complete it and to appeal to all the delays and chances of law? If you, or your people, or your property, be feloniously attacked, will you await the laws, or will you act at once in self-defense? If a madman be on the streets, marauding and slaying all he meets, must we take out a warrant for him, arrest and try him, before we disable him and stop his wild career?

The negro who has just been lynched at Charlottesville was far worse than any rattlesnake or mad-dog, far worse than any madman or criminal, and by his nature and course had outlawed himself utterly. To recognize in him any right to the protections and processes of law would be to mitigate his offence, aggravate the outrage upon the lady, and to add to the shame and horror already inflicted upon her.

No decent white man, endowed with reason, and the proper respect of manhood, should or could restrain himself in the presence of so foul a crime. It would disgrace justice and defile the courts to treat him as an innocent man. What? Is it a question as to her wrong and its magnitude? Is it an inquiry into his guilty villainy and its atrocity? Is he to have time? Is she to be doubted? To be cross-questioned? To tell her own shame and ruin in public?

Lynching is the only appropriate and

adequate process and penalty for the crime which usually invokes and employs it. Whether we consider the offence itself, the offender, the victim, or the public, or compare judicial process in ordinary cases, with its continuances, its methods, to the popular process in these cases—everything demands aloud and sternly that lynching alone shall deal with the matter, and that it is to smirch and prostitute courts, to elevate and dignify the crime and criminal, and to asperse and vilify and humiliate their cruelly imposed on victim to invite the infamous surrender to judicial succor, or to force virtue to a public combat with vice and crime.

Be sure you are right, then go ahead. But courts make quite as many mistakes as lynchings do. Be sure of the dog, and then kill him with all dispatch. This is the one exception to the common course, and lynching demands it.

## The Varina Boiler Explosion.

All of those wounded in the Varina-Farm boiler explosion on Friday morning were doing well yesterday. Mr. Hayes Ganser, the engineer, was quite badly scalded. The man killed, John West, was thrown 50 feet, and burned up with the stack of straw upon which he fell.

## A Carrier-Pigeon.

Office Marion, of the Third Police-Station, has a carrier-pigeon that came to his place about noon yesterday. The pigeon has been shot, and is blind in one eye. A silver band is on its leg with the following inscription thereon: "E. W. 15, 86."

## These Latest, Up-to-Datest Waists Fairly Scintillate With Style.



1—Blouse of apple green tulle covered with a bolero of Cluny guipure. Rolled bias bands of taffeta decorate the sleeves. Cream mousseline de soie. 2—Waist of pink chiffon with yoke and sleeves of guipure over pink taffeta. 3—Evening blouse of white taffeta covered with mousseline de soie. Revers of white satin embroidered with pearls. 4—The new low-necked blouse in taffeta striped with satin ribbon. 5—The sleeves are the novel feature in this becoming waist. They are pulled between bands of lace insertion. 6—White mousseline de soie waist with rosettes of black velvet and ruches of black mousseline.